And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertures excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lyes
In Plants, Hearbs, Stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe-turnes vice being mis-applyed,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the Infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and Medicine power!
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all sences with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings, encampe them still
In man, as well as hearbes, grace, and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that plant.

Ro. Good morrow father.

Fri. Benedicite.
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Yong sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbruised youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne,
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprous'd with some distemp'rature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night,

Ro. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father no,

I haue forgot that name, and th
Fri. That's my good sonne, b
Ro. Ile tell thee ere thou ask
I haue beene feasting with mine
Where on a sudden one hath w
That's by me wounded, both ou
Within thy helpe and holy phy
I beare no hatred blessed man:
My intercession likewise steads
Fri. Be plaine good sonne a
Ridling Confession, finds but ri
Rom. Then plainly know my
On the faire daughter of rich *Ca*
As mine on her, so hers is set on
And all combin'd, saue what th
By holy Marriage: when and w
We met, we wooed, and made e
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this
That thou consent to marrie vs t
Fri. Holy S. *Francis* what a c
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue s
So soone forsaken? yong mens l
Not truly in their hearts, but in t
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brin
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes f
How much salt water throne awa
To season loue that of it doth no
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from
Thy old grones yet ring in my an
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the stain
Of an old teare that is not washt
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and the
Thou and these woes, were all for
And art thou chang'd? pronounc
Women may fall, when there's no
Ro. Thou chid'st me oft for loui
Fri. For doting, not for louing

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